Ocean Springs Progress

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

OCEAN SPRINGS. : MISSISSIPPI.

HIS FIRST LOVE.

They say my heart is cold and dead,
  Insensible to female graces.
I own that I am rather old
  To care much for your pretty faces,
But still I might, in spite of this,
  Be tempted some fair maid to woo,
And so enjoy domestic bliss,
  But to my first love I'll be true.

And so through what is left of life,
  Alone unto the bitter ending,
Without the care of child or wife
  My weary way I must be wending.
In some respects the single state
  Is not much to my taste, but who
Can alter the decree of fate?
  To my first love I'll still be true.

I don't see how I could commit
  That sort of matrimonial treason.
Besides, I fear the bridal bit,
  And that is a sufficient reason.
My heart has never been quite free.
  Who was the lady? Lady! Pooh!
I early fell in love with Me,
  And to my first love I'll be true.
—Chicago Daily News.

THE PRINCESS AND THE JEWEL DOCTOR.

BY LEONORA HALLOWELL.

IN St. Petersburg society there may be met at the present time a certain Russian princess, who is noted for her beauty, for an ugly defect—she has lost the forefinger of her left hand—and for her extraordinary attachment to the city of Tunis, where she has spent at least three months of each year since 1890—the year in which she suffered the accident that deprived her of a finger. What that accident was, and why she is so passionately attached to Tunis, nobody in Russia seems to know, not even her doting husband, who bows to all her caprices. But two persons could explain the matter—a Tunisian guide named Abdul, and a mysterious individual who follows a humble calling in the little Rue Ben-Ziad, close to the Tunis bazaars. This latter is the princess' personal attendant during her yearly visit to Tunis. He accompanies her everywhere, may be seen in the hall of her hotel when she is at home, on the box of her carriage when she drives out, close behind her when she is walking. He is her shadow in Africa. Only when she goes back to Russia does he return to his profession in the Rue Ben-Ziad.

This is the exact history of the accident which befell the princess in 1890. In the spring of that year she arrived one night at Tunis. She had not long been married to an honorable man whom she adored. She was rich, pretty and popular. Yet her life was clouded by a great fear that sometimes made the darkness of night almost intolerable to her. She dreaded lest the darkness of blindness should come upon her. Both her mother, now dead, and her grandfather had labored under this defect. They had been born with sight and had become totally blind ere they reached the age of 40. Princess Ivanischeff—as we may call her for the purpose of this story—shuddered when she thought of their fate and that it might be hers. Certain books that she read, certain conversations on the subject of heredity that she heard in St. Petersburg society fed her terror. Occasionally, too, when she stood under a strong light she felt a slight pain in her eyes. She never spoke of her fear, but she fell into a condition of nervous exhaustion that alarmed her husband and her physician. The latter recommended foreign travel as a tonic. The former, who was detained in the capital by political affairs, reluctantly agreed to a separation from his wife. And thus it came about that, late one night of spring, the princess and her companion, the elderly countess de Rosnikoff, arrived in Tunis at the close of a tour in Algeria and put up at the Hotel Royal.

The bazaars of Tunis are among the best that exist in the world of bazaars, and, on the morning after her arrival, the princess was anxious to explore them with her companion. But Mme. de Rosnikoff was fatigued by her journey from Constantine. She begged the princess to go without her, desiring earnestly to be left in her bedroom with a cup of weak tea and a French novel. The princess, therefore, ordered a guide and set forth to the bazaars.

The guide's name was Abdul. He was a talkative young eastern, and as he turned with the princess into the network of tiny alleys that spreads from the Bab-el-bahar to the bazaars he poured forth a flood of information about the marvels of his native city. The princess listened idly. That morning she was cruelly preoccupied. As she stepped out of the hotel into the bright sunshine she had felt a sharp pain in her eyes, and now, though she held over her head a large green parasol, the pain continued. She looked at the light and thought of the darkness that might be coming upon her, and the chatter of Abdul sounded vague in her ears. Presently, however, she was forced to attend to him, for he asked her a direct question:

"To-day they sell jewels by auction near the Mosquee Djama-ez-Zitouna," he said. "Would the gracious princess like to see the market of the jewels?"

The princess put her hand to her eyes and assented in a low voice. Abdul turned out of the sunshine into a narrow alley covered with a wooden roof. It was full of shadows and of squatting men, who held out brown hands to the princess as she passed. But she was staring at the shadows and did not see the merchants of Goblen market. Leaving this alley Abdul led her abruptly into a dense crowd of Arabs, who were all talking, gesticulating and moving hither and thither, apparently under the influence of extreme excitement. Many of them held rings, bracelets or brooches between their fingers, and some extended palms upon which lay quantities of uncut jewels—turquoises, sapphires and emeralds. At a little distance a grave man was noting down something in a book. But the princess scarcely observed the progress of the jewel auction. Her attention had been attracted by an extraordinary figure that stood near her. This was an immensely tall Arab, dressed in a dingy brown robe, and wearing upon his shaven head, which narrowed almost to a point at the back, a red fez with a large black tassel. His claw-like hands were covered with rings and his bony wrists with bracelets. But the attention of the princess was riveted by his eyes. They were small and bright, and squinted horribly, so horribly that it was impossible to tell at what he was looking. These eyes gave to his face an expression of diabolic and ruthless vigilance and cunning. He seemed at the same time to be seeing everything and to be gazing definitely at nothing.

"That is Safti, the jewel doctor," murmured Abdul in the ear of the princess.

"A jewel doctor! What is that?" asked the princess.

"When you are sick he cures you with jewels."

"And what can he cure?" said the princess, still looking at Safti, who was now bargaining vociferously with a fat Arab for a piece of milk white jade.

"All things. I was sick of a fever that comes with the summer. He gave me a stone crushed to a powder and I was well. He saved from death one of the bey's sons, who was dying from hijada. And then, too, he has a stone in a ring which can preserve sight to him who is going blind."

The princess started violently.

"Impossible!" she cried.

"It is true," said Abdul. "It is a green stone—like that."

He pointed to an emerald which an Arab was holding up to the light.

The princess put her hand to her eyes. They still ached and her temples were throbbing furiously.

"I cannot stay here," she said. "It is too hot. But—tell the jewel doctor that I wish to visit him. Where does he live?"

"In a little street, Rue Ben-Ziad, in a little house. But he is rich." Abdul spread his arms abroad. "When will the gracious princess——?"

"This afternoon. At—at four o'clock you will take me."

Abdul spoke to Safti, who turned, squinted horribly at the princess, and salaamed to her with a curious and contradictory dignity, turning his fingers, covered with jewels, towards the earth.

That afternoon at four, when the venerable Mme. de Rosnikoff was still drinking her weak tea and reading her French novel, the princess and Abdul stood before the low wooden door of the jewel doctor's house. Abdul struck upon it and the terrible physician appeared in the dark aperture, looking all ways with his deformed eyes, which fascinated the princess. Having ascertained that he could speak a little broken French, like many of the Tunisian Arabs, she bade Abdul wait outside and entered the hovel of the jewel doctor, who shut close the door behind her.

The room in which she found herself was dark and scented. Faint light from the street filtered in through an aperture in the wall, across which was partially drawn a wooden shutter. Round the room ran a divan covered with straw matting, and Safti now conducted the princess ceremoniously to this and handed her a cup of thick coffee, which he took from a brass tray that was placed upon a stand. As she sipped the coffee and looked at the pointed head and twisted gaze of Safti the princess heard some distant Arab at a street corner singing monotonously a tuneless song, and the scent, the darkness, the reiterated song, and the tall, strange creature standing silently before her gave to her, in their combination, the atmosphere of a dream. She found it difficult to speak, to explain her errand.

At length she said: "You are a doctor? You can cure the sick?"

Safti salaamed.

"With jewels? Is that possible?"

"Jewels are the only medicine," Safti replied, speaking with sudden volubility. "With the ruby I cure madness, with the white jade the disease of the hijada, and with the bloodstone hemorrhage. I have made a man who was ill of fever wear a topaz, and he arose from bed and walked happily in the street."

"And with an emerald," interrupted the princess; "have you not preserved sight with an emerald? They told me so."

Safti's expression suddenly became grim and suspicious.

"Who said that?" he asked, sharply.

"Abdul. Is it true? Can it be true?"

Her cheeks were flushed. She spoke almost with violence, laying her hand upon his arm. Safti seemed to stare hard into the corners of the little room. Perhaps he was really looking at the princess. At length she said:

"I will give you any price you ask for it."

"You!" said Safti. "But you——"

Suddenly he lifted his lean hands, took the face of the princess between them quite gently, and turned it towards the small window. She had begun to tremble. Holding her soft cheeks with his brown fingers, Safti remained motionless for a long time, during which it seemed to the princess that he was looking away from her at some distant object. She watched his frightful and surreptitious eyes, that never told the truth, she heard the distant Arab's everlasting song, and her dream became a nightmare. At last Safti dropped his hands and said:

"It may be that some day you will need my emerald."

The princess felt as if at that moment a bullet entered her heart.

"Give it me—give it me!" she cried. "I am rich. I——"

"I do not sell my medicines!" Safti answered. "Those who use them must live near me, here in Tunis. When they are healed they give back to me the jewel that has saved them. But you—you live far off."

With the swiftness of a woman the princess saw that persuasion would be useless. Safti's face looked hard as brown wood. She seemed to recover her emotion and said quietly:

"At least you will let me see the emerald?"

Safti went to a small bureau that stood at the back of the room, opened one of its drawers with a key which he drew from beneath his dingy robe, lifted a small silver box carefully out, returned to the princess and put the box into her hand.

"Open it," he said.

She obeyed, and took out a small and antique gold ring, in which was set a dull emerald. Safti drew it gently from her and put it upon the forefinger of her left hand. It was so tiny that it would not pass beyond the joint of the finger and it looked ugly and odd upon the princess, who wore many beautiful rings. Now that she saw it she felt the superstition that had sprung from her terror dying within her. Safti, with his crooked eyes, must have read her thought in her face, for he said:

"The princess is wrong. That medicine could cure her. The one who wears it for three months in each year can never be blind."

Taking the emerald from her finger he touched her two eyes with it, and it seemed to the princess that as he did so the pain she felt in them withdrew. Her desire for the jewel instantly returned.

"Let me wear it," she said, putting forth all her charm to soften the jewel doctor. "Let me take it with me to Russia. I will make you rich."

Safti shook his head.

"The princess may wear it here in Tunis," he replied. "Not elsewhere."

She began to temporise, hoping to conquer his resistance later.

"I may take it with me now?" she asked.

"At a fee."

"I will pay it."

The jewel doctor went to the door and called in Abdul. Five minutes later the princess passed the singing Arab at the corner of the street, Rue Ben-Ziad. She had signed a paper pledging herself to return the emerald to Safti at the end of 48 hours and to pay $25 for her possession of it during that time. And she wore the emerald on the forefinger of her left hand.

On the following morning Mme. de Rosnikoff said to the princess:

"I hate Tunis. It has an evil climate. The tea here is too strong and I feel sure the drains are bad. Last night I was feverish. I am always feverish when I am near bad drains."

The princess, who had slept well and had waked with no pain in her eyes, answered these complaints cheerily, made the countess some tea that was really weak, and drove her out in the sunshine to see Carthage. The countess did not see it, because there is no longer a Carthage. She went to bed that night in a bad humor and again complained of drains the next morning. This time the princess did not heed her, for she was thinking of the hour when she must return the emerald to Safti.

"What an ugly ring that is," said the old countess. "Where did you get it? It is too small. Why do you wear it?"

"I—I bought it in the bazaars," answered the princess.

"My dear, you wasted your money," said the companion, and she went to bed with another French novel.

That afternoon the princess implored Safti to sell her the emerald and as he persistently declined she renewed her lease of it for another 48 hours. As she left the jewel doctor's house she did not notice that he spoke some words in a low and eager voice to Abdul, pointing towards her as he did so. Nor did she see the strange bustle of varied life in the street as she walked slowly under the great Moorish arch of the Porte de France. She was deeply thoughtful.

Since she had worn the ugly ring of Safti she had suffered no pain from her eyes, and a strange certainty had gradually come upon her that while the emerald was in her possession she would be safe from the terrible disease of which she had so long lived in terror. Yet Safti would not let her have the ring. And she could not live forever in Tunis. Already she had prolonged her stay abroad and was due in Russia, where her anxious husband awaited her. She knew not what to do. Suddenly an idea occurred to her. It made her flush red and tingle with shame. She glanced up and saw the lustrous eyes of Abdul fixed intently upon her. As he left her at the door of the hotel he said:

"The princess will stay long in Tunis?"

"Another week at least, Abdul," she answered carelessly. "You can go home now. I shall not want you any more to-day."

And she walked into the hotel without looking at him again. When she was in her room she sent for a list of the steamers sailing daily from Tunis for the different ports of Africa and Europe. Presently she came to the bedside of Mme. de Rosnikoff.

"Countess," she said. "You are no better?"

"How can I be? The drains are bad and the tea here is too strong."

"There is a boat that leaves for Sicily at midnight—for Marsala. Shall we go on it?"

The older woman bounded on her pillow.

"Straight on by Italy to Russia?" she cried joyfully.

The princess nodded. A fierce excitement shone in her pretty eyes, and her little hands were trembling as she looked down at the dull emerald of Safti.

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At 11 o'clock that night the princess and the countess got into a carriage, drove to the edge of the huge salt lake by which Tunis lies, and went on board the Stella d'Italia. The sky was starless. The winds were still, and it was dark. As the ship glided out from the shore the old countess hurried below. But the princess remained on deck, leaning upon the bulwark, and gazing at the fading lights of the city where Safti dwelt. Two flames seemed burning in her heart, a fierce flame of joy, a fierce flame of contempt—of contempt for herself. For was she not a common thief? She looked at Safti's ring on her finger and flushed scarlet in the darkness. Yet she was joyful, triumphant, as she heard the beating of the ship's heart, and saw the lights of Tunis growing fainter in the distance and felt the onward movement of the Stella d'Italia through the night. She felt herself nearer to Russia with each throb of the machinery. And from Russia she would expiate her sin. From Russia she would compensate Safti for his loss. The lights of Tunis grew fainter. She thought of the open sea.

But suddenly she felt that the ship was slowing down. The engines beat more feebly, then ceased to beat. The ship glided on for a moment in silence and stopped. A cold fear ran over the princess. She called to a sailor.

"Why," she said, "why do we stop? Is anything wrong?"

He pointed to some lights on the port side.

"We are off Hammam-Lif, madam," he said. "We are going to lie to for half an hour to take in cargo."

To the princess that half hour seemed all eternity. She remained upon deck and whenever she heard the splash of oars as a boat drew near or the guttural sound of an Arab voice she trembled, and, staring into the blackness, fancied that she saw the tall figure, the pointed head, and the deformed eyes of the jewel doctor. But the minutes passed. The cargo was all on board. The boats drew off. And once again the ship shuddered as the heart of it began to beat, and the ebon water ran backward from its prow.

Then the princess was glad. She laid the hand on which shone Safti's emerald upon the bulwark and gazed towards the sea, turning her back upon the lights of Hammam-Lif. She thought of safety, of Russia. She did not hear a soft step drawing near upon the deck behind her. She did not see the flash of steel descending to the bulwark on which her hand was laid.

But suddenly the horrible cry of a woman in agony rang through the night. It was instantly succeeded by a splash in the water as a tall figure dived over the vessel's side.

When the sun rose on the following day over the minarets of Tunis the Stella d'Italia, with the princess on board, was far on its way towards the Sicilian port.

The emerald of Safti was once more in the little house in the Rue Ben-Ziad.

It was still upon the princess' finger.—Chicago Tribune.

Influence of the Mother

By PROF. LUTHER HALSEY GULICK, of the New York City Schools.

A METAPHYSICAL truth or falsity of a belief or practice is not a primary factor in its propagation. It is, of course, important in the present day that the belief shall be able to stand the test of reason when applied to the adult. My point is that it is not its reasonableness that secures its adoption by the child; hence the appeal to reason as a chief factor in religious instruction is a mistake. The religious and moral attitude is one that is usually established long before the reasoning faculties acquire the independent power needed for the examination of such complex subjects as either religion or morals. Belief is something that is underneath reason, which in many persons cannot either be established or removed by reason.

The foundation of religion, then, appears to be some other thing than intellectual appreciation of truth. This is fortunate, for otherwise a permanent basis for religious life is unattainable, and each successive generation must with pain and anguish tear down a part of the intellectual basis of what they thought was religion itself.

If, then, religion is not to be propagated by means that are chiefly intellectual in their nature, we need to examine the emotional basis. We find that religious people are reverent; that in the main there have been established in their early lives certain emotional reactions and associations. It is my present conviction that the sympathetic system is so influenced by the unconscious example of the mother as to tend to react thereafter to certain religious and moral stimuli in a definite way, and that this accounts for the return to the religious life of so many who have had Christian mothers and of so few who have not.

PERSONAL ARMOR OF FELT.

Invention of an Italian Said to Be Possessed of Remarkable Qualities.

A French periodical, Cosmos, is authority for the remarkable statement that the Italian government is negotiating with an inventor named Benedetti for the adoption of an armor of felt for soldiers. Obviously, such material would be preferable to steel on account of its lightness and the ease with which it would adapt itself to the form of the wearer. The chief doubt which must arise regarding the value of the invention relates to its power of resisting penetration. On that point Cosmos gives rather positive assurance.

It is asserted that against the armor of seven-sixteenths of an inch the regular ordnance revolver, with steel covered ball, is powerless, and also the gun of the 1891 model charged with smokeless powder. In the numerous experiments which have been made—in firing at a distance of several yards—the ball, whether it be of lead or steel, when it strikes the protector is arrested and deformed. Thus there is not only an arrest of the ball, but deformation as well, and in this deformation the force of the ball is converted. While there should be a high degree of temperature at the point touched by the ball, it seems that the ball alone feels the effect, for the protector does not seem to be burnt in the slightest.

In the recent experiments it was sought to pierce the armor with a dagger driven with all possible force. Cosmos assures its readers, however, that the point of the arm could not penetrate the felt, and was bent into a shapeless mass. Signor Benedetti attached his protector to a horse, and fired upon the animal, only six feet away, with an ordnance revolver, the ball falling at the feet of the horse, while he, freed from his halter, walked away as if nothing had happened.

USES OF THE KOREAN HAT.

By It a Code of Etiquette Is Established as Well as a Bureau of Information.

The Korean does more than talk through his hat. He establishes a code of etiquette by it. In its stateliest form it is the skyscraper of headgear. Suppose a member of the niang-pan, the nobility, meets you. He bows, and you notice his bamboo hat three feet across, seven inches high. He learns that you are an American woman; another inch or story is added of the finely split material; you turn out to be a consul's sister and daughter of a general—quickly two more stories were annexed, and you wonder what would happen were you the great-aunt of the president, says the New York Times.

If his hat is of buff color and of toadstool brim you are to be very sad with him; he is in mourning for wife, parent, or mayhap an ancestor he has newly found in some old graveyard.

Long strings of beads or gems running from the hat and tied under the chin indicate that he is happy, prosperous, and well married; you may borrow money of him.

When oil paper skirts appear on his hat you may know he has seen the weather prophet and there will be a rain or windstorm. Perhaps he has consulted a devil-finder for information or the rheumatic twinges in his great toe; but never mind, it never fails to rain.

He may carry invitations to public functions in his hat, so you know where he is going to be for the next week; also his status in society. If he knows any little tidbit of gossip very often he bills that in his hat in the form of two or three curious characters. No one is more courteous than the Korean, and certainly no one can boast of so versatile a headgear to express this courtesy.

Hunting with Falcons.

Hunting with falcons was revived in Scotland some years ago by Sir Henry Bethune. A writer on field sports says: "The falconers had an old setter dog which hunted till he found a covey of partridges. The falconer then threw off a hawk, which rose in circles till very high, then hovered above the dog. The dog looked up to see if the hawk was ready, and then ran in and roused the birds. Swoop went the hawk. If he missed, the birds generally went into a hedge and the hawk soared again and hovered over the birds. The old dog then went off after them and got another point. If the hawk killed its bird the falconer went gently to it and picked it up. If not he had to fetch the bird with the lure, a dummy bird with a bit of pigeon on it. He called the hawk 'Killy, killy, Voiyook,' a sort of view halloo, and hurled the lure in the air. The hawk stooped to it and began to eat the pigeon, and he then succeeded in picking it up."

Rich Man and Doctor.

"The life of a rich man is worth more than the life of a poor man, and the physician has a right to charge the millionaire more for his services than he does the laborer," is the opinion recently handed down by a Philadelphia judge who went on to say: "The physician is unlike the merchant who has goods of different quality to sell at various prices. He must give his best service in every case. But it does not follow that the service is worth the same in every case. Human life has a pecuniary value of variable quantity, greater in the millionaire than in the laborer. Thus the practitioner of common sense makes out his bills to suit the pecuniary circumstances of his patients."—N. Y. Press.

CALIFORNIA'S GIANT TREES.

How They Would Loom Up If Placed Beside Some Big New York Buildings.

The only way we can comprehend the greatness of the "big trees" of California without actually seeing them is by comparing them with things of everyday life. Imagine one of these trees being transplanted to the corner of Fifth avenue and Broadway, New York city. It would make the Fifth Avenue hotel look like a cottage, and if the largest tree now growing on Manhattan island were placed on the top of the Flatiron building it would still be in the shade of the big tree's upper branches, says Woman's Home Companion. Gen. Walteuffel stated not long ago that if he could have had one of these big trees to throw across the Pei-ho river upon the arrival of the international army, it would have served as a bridge across which he could have marched the entire 30,000 men into Peking in 45 minutes.

It is estimated that some of these trees contain 750,000 feet of lumber, and we may get an idea of what this means when we hear that it would make a board fence six feet high and 24 miles long, or that it would supply enough telegraph poles to support a line of wires running from Kansas City to Chicago. If the tallest elm tree you know of were cut down and bent into a circle, it would just about make a ring to fit the base of one of the big trees. But it is not their size alone which makes these giants so impressive; their age is still more remarkable. When Cheop's army of 100,000 men began to build the Great Pyramid of Jeezeh, over 2,000 years before Christ, these Sequoias, as they are called, had bark on them a foot thick; they were old, old trees when Methuselah was a baby—they are the very oldest living things on the face of the earth. And we Americans should regard them as a priceless heritage, which once taken from us could never be replaced, and we should at any cost guard them forever from those who with ax and saw would in one week undo the work of 8,000 years.

EXTENSIVE BILL OF FARE.

Guest of P. T. Barnum Could Have Anything He Called For, Including Crow or Whale.

The late P. T. Barnum was known as an ideal host, and, next to his interest in the "greatest show on earth," enjoyed nothing better than entertaining his friends at his house and table, says Success.

Among those who visited him most frequently at Lindencroft or Waldemere, and who gave the name of the last residence, was Joel Benton, who sometimes calls himself "author of prose and wrose."

It is a peculiarity of this author that, with one slight exception, he eats neither butter nor milk, and none of the ordinary meats, nor for any hygienic or philosophical reason, but simply because they are distinctly unpalatable to him. On one occasion, when a young lady occupied a seat near Mr. Benton at Mr. Barnum's table, the waiter handed the bachelor author some butter. "Oh!" said Barnum to the waiter, pointing at the lady, "you shouldn't do that, for he doesn't love any but her."

Mr. Barnum's table, of course, was always bountifully supplied with a great variety of food, and yet, on another occasion, when Mr. Benton refused the beef and the lamb and the butter, Mr. Barnum wearily said: "Well, Benton, you seem likely to starve here. What can we serve you?"

"Oh," said Benton, "I eat everything that flies or swims."

"Very well, then," said Barnum, "we'll get you a crow and a whale to-morrow."

Revenge.

Pew Opener (confidentially)—That woman I just seated is Mrs. Stuckup. She had me sent round to the back door one day when I called at her house on a business errand. Made me transact the business with a servant, too. But I've got even with her.

Friend—Why, you have given her one of the best pews in the church.

"Wait half an hour. She's just where a stained glass window will throw a red light on her nose."—Pick-Me-Up.

Candy and Race Deterioration.

The adulteration of and use of inferior materials in the making of candy are beginning to attract much attention in England. Prof. Ooston recently lectured on "saccharomaniacs." He expressed the opinion that future scientists would place the evils of sugar gluttony on a pedestal as conspicuous as the drink question, as causing deterioration of individuals and races.

Quite the Contrary.

"You misjudge me," said the hypocrite, reproachfully. "I admit I am a poor, weak mortal, but lying is not one of my failings."

"It certainly is not," agreed the hard-hearted man. "It is one of your successes."—Philadelphia Press.

Wood Oil.

Hankau, China, exported nearly $2,000,000 worth of wood oil last year. It is used for making varnishes and soaps. Satisfactory experiments in growing the oil tree from seed have been made in California.

SPRING AND SUMMER FRILLS

Pretty Trifles That Are Just Now the Proper Thing in My Lady's Dress.

Parrot green is a leader in fashionable tints.

White shades grade from chalk color to the deepest ivory.

Persian bands figure conspicuously in the season's trimmings.

Silk bouillonnees are superseding ruchings in popularity.

Ribon bows with their ends frayed off represent a new notion.

White will be worn more than ever during the coming summer.

Soft, pliable materials are given the preference by Dame Fashion.

Ombre effects in ribbon and chiffons are utilized for millinery purposes.

Voile is a pronounced favorite for dressy street costumes and general wear.

For summer wear linen will take precedence of all other wash materials.

The garland idea will be the keynote of the trimmings for the coming season.

Irish lace will continue to be used both for the turnover and the stock collar.

Shantung embroidered with white pastilles, both in ecru and pastel shades, is in favor.

Considerable vogue for black relieved by touches of pronounced color is predicted for spring, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Linen laces in antique patterns, macrame and heavy Venise will be used for trimming linen costumes.

Both black and white lace hats of the tricorne shape will be worn, trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon.

The tendency in light colors is toward champagne, gray, heliotrope, almond green and pale golden yellow.

Small white and colored roses, and lace, too, will be used for bows and other trimmings on straw and tulle hats.

For applique lace the fine branch with cone and leaves has been adopted as a model, and this pattern is much favored by the Parisian modiste.

Chiffon in light and dark hues is much in evidence for evening dresses, gauging forming the principal trimming with a lace yoke or bertha.

In the latest Chantilly laces Japanese designs have been introduced, and the lotus flower has also been utilized as a pattern for some recent productions.

SHE PREFERRED THE PAIN.

Was Taking No Chances on Revealing Secrets While Under Drug Influence.

She had been suffering for several days with a slight abscess, and when she decided to have it lanced her young husband accompanied her to the physician's, relates the New York Press.

"You are very brave, dearest," he said to her, as they waited for the doctor in the reception-room.

"Oh," she said, smiling sweetly, "you see, I'm going to take chloroform or gas or something."

"No! Oh, no!" he remonstrated. "You mustn't—"

"Why, Jack, it won't cost so much more—"

"Darling, how unkind! But, you know, sometimes patients die under chloroform."

"I'll risk that. Ah, doctor, my husband is trying to scare me with tales about patients who die under chloroform. Now, you don't think—"

"Pshaw! There's no danger when the doctor understands his patient's condition," exclaimed the physician. And a few moments later:

"Will you kindly take hold of this sponge? By the way, just before you came in I was administering the drug to a man, and he was honestly quite amusing. He rattled on about his early love affairs—gave himself away in great shape."

"Oh!" cried the young woman, in evident distress. Then, collecting herself: "Will it hurt dreadfully, doctor?"

"The lancing? No; with the drug you won't be any the wiser."

"I think I can manage without any drug, don't you know?"

"You might faint, dearest," put in the anxious husband. "And doctor says there's no danger in your case. You'd better take it."

"No, I think not," she said, throwing the sponge away and sitting bolt upright. "I'm going to show you men how a weak little woman can bear pain."

Digestion Table.

The time required to digest roasted, broiled or boiled meats is from three to three and one-half hours. Slowly stewed meats slightly less time. Pork and very fat meat, four or five hours; veal, four hours; fresh lamb, two and one-half to three hours; chicken and turkey, two to two and one-half hours; wild fowls, three to four hours. Brains, tripe, liver, kidneys and heart are digested in about two hours; fish and oysters, two to three hours. Raw eggs, two hours; hard boiled, four hours; soft boiled, two hours. Boiled milk is digested sooner than raw milk, which requires three hours. Cooked peas, beans, corn, beets, turnips, etc., require three to three and one-half hours; potatoes, if baked and mealy, may be digested in two and one-half hours. Raw vegetables, like coldslaw, lettuce, etc., require two and one-half or more hours, as do raw fruits. The more digestible cereals, like rice sage, tapioca, require two hours. Fats and oils remain in the stomach but a short time.—Ohio Farmer.

Ignorance of Plant Wonders.

We heard recently of a college girl who was deeply impressed by some curly lettuce brought to a student dining table. She looked at it and exclaimed: "How clever of the cook to crimp it that way! How does she do it?" After all, many of us are equally ignorant of plant wonders. The lettuce may be no mystery to us, and yet the plants of a nearby swamp may cause us to demonstrate an ignorance quite as profound as that we smile at. Why not start a nature study circle right at home, and see what new interests the seasons offer us?—Rural New Yorker.

Cream of Carrots.

Scrape clean six small carrots, cut in small pieces, and cover with a quart of boiling water; add also a green onion, two outer stalks of celery and a few sprays of parsley. Cook until the carrots are tender, then rub through a puree sieve. Add one pint of hot milk, and a tablespoonful of butter rubbed in two tablespoonfuls of flour. Let come to a boil, add a teaspoonful of salt, a dusting of cayenne and, if desired, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg.—Good Housekeeping.

Only Occasionally.

On a very rainy day an American in London got into an omnibus. Very soon he noticed that drops of water were pattering down upon his head from the roof. At that moment the conductor entered to collect the fares.

"What's the matter with the roof?" said the damp passenger. "Does it do this always?"

"No, sir," replied the conductor; "only when it rains."

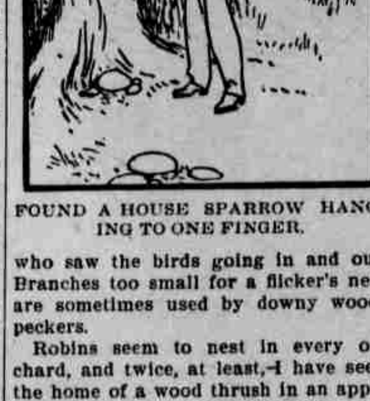
THE OLD APPLE TREE

IT IS THE FAVORITE NESTING PLACE OF THE BIRDS.

The Naturalist Tells of the Great Variety of the Feathered Home-Makers He Has Found There.

We have often heard the question, "What tree is selected as a nesting site by the greatest number of different kinds of birds?" Without attempting to give a positive answer to the question, I should say there are not many more popular nesting sites that the apple tree. I know that some of the evergreens are used by many species—possibly by more than make their homes in the orchard—but if we have a few large old apple trees on the premises, it is not impossible that we may be able to study, close at hand, the nesting habits of 20 different birds.

The first time I found a bluebird's nest, it was in a hole in an apple tree, and, as I wished to see the eggs, I thrust in my hand to take them out. To my astonishment, something in the hole gave me a painful nip, and I pulled out my hand, to find a house sparrow hanging to one finger. After that, I was not so quick to jump at conclusions, or to put my bare hands into holes in trees. Both bluebirds and house sparrows are amongst the commonest residents of holes in apple trees, and the latter birds also build large nests in the branches sometimes. In the larger holes I not infrequently find a screech owl, brooding her roundish white eggs on a handful of feathers, doubtless plucked from the bodies of her victims. How she will bite and scratch when we attempt to examine her treasures! Flickers, too, will often make their nests in such hollows, usually widening and shaping them first, but more often, perhaps, they will make a fresh hole in some decayed branch. I have seen a pair of flickers nesting in an apple tree, in a natural cavity, the mouth of which was less than four feet from the ground. But the eggs were not hatched, for the tree grew close to the road, and the nest was robbed by one of the many people



FOUND A HOUSE SPARROW HANGING TO ONE FINGER.

who saw the birds going in and out. Branches too small for a flicker's nest are sometimes used by downy woodpeckers.

Robins seem to nest in every orchard, and twice, at least, I have seen the home of a wood thrush in an apple tree. In one instance the tree grew close to a house, the occupants of which, passing in and out, could plainly see the parent bird as she sat on her eggs.

Of the hanging nests, perhaps the one most frequently found in apple trees is that of the orchard oriole, but occasionally we may find also those of the Baltimore oriole, yellow-throated vireo, and white-eyed vireo. The yellow-throated vireo is one of the most charming of our bird neighbors, being one of the tamest and gentlest. Several instances are recorded of birds which have allowed themselves to be stroked on the nest; one I know of which would come down on its landlord's hand for food, and I have myself had the pleasure of lifting a yellow-throated vireo from her nest, and of seeing her nestle down on her eggs again when I put her back. My experience with a white-eyed vireo, whose nest I once found in an apple tree, was very different. The little home had been visited by a cowbird, whose large mottled egg had been deposited with the four much smaller ones of the vireo. If I remember right, the birds were away, but when I called a few days later, the little mother vireo was much in evidence. None of her own eggs was hatched, but the young cowbird was on deck, and from her actions it seemed as though she was afraid I was going to steal him. "Virago" would have been a better name for her, as she flew into a bush quite close to me and, looking me right in the face with her strange white eyes, poured forth a torrent of abuse. People are often angry with you if you happen to discover that they have done some foolish thing; and had I not discovered that she had hatched a cowbird's egg? But I knew that there was trouble brewing for her, so I went away and did not return for a week. When I did come back, the young cowbird not only filled the nest, but hung over on all sides. Beneath him I found one poor little starved vireo; its brethren had probably been pushed out of the nest by the usurper. But the foster mother, far from admitting her mistake, proceeded to abuse me worse than ever, so I left her to her problems.

Other small birds which sometimes claim the apple tree as home are the chipping sparrow, house wren, yellow warbler, least flycatcher and ruby-throated humming bird. Near the top, on the outer branches, the kingbird often builds his nest, and lower down, we may find, toward the end of June, the homes of those late builders, the goldfinch and cedar waxwing.

On one occasion, I was entering a very old orchard, when I heard a loud whistling of wings, and looking up I saw a pair of mourning doves flying straight from a large apple tree, and on going up I found their partly built nest in a wide crotch, within a few feet of the ground. But a more unusual nest to find in an apple tree was one I found on the Connecticut coast, a few years ago. I was visiting a colony of green herons in a clump of cedars. Among the evergreens there was a large apple tree, and on the top of it there lay the nest and eggs of a green heron.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

Truth in Old Saw.

She—You say you are unlucky at cards?

He—Very.

"Well, you must be lucky at love, I suppose?"

"I am. I've never been married."—Yonkers Statesman.

Directions.

"Bring me some coffee," said Mr. Nurox, as be finished his dessert.

"Demi-tasse?" inquired the waiter.

"Sure, if that's the best you got; and, say, bring me one o' them little pots full of it."—Philadelphia Press.

FUN ON A STREET CAR.

And This Nonsense Was Heard in the Sedate and Sensible City of Philadelphia.

On a Walnut street car the other day, says the Philadelphia Record, two women who evidently knew each other but slightly struck up this conversation: "Why, Mrs. Brown! How d'ye do?" "How d'ye do, Mrs. Green? I wasn't sure it was you at first." "Yes, it's me, all right. How's Mr. Brown?" "Oh, he's all right. How's Mr. Green?" "He's all right, too. How's the children?" "They're all right. How's yourn?" "They're all right."

There was a slight pause, as though neither knew what to say next. Suddenly one had an inspiration. She giggled a minute and then said: "Say, my husband asked me the other day what your first name was, and to save my soul I couldn't tell him. What is it?"

Then it was the other woman's turn to giggle. "Why, it's Millicent," she said. "Millicent? How do you spell it?" "Oh, it's an easy name. M-i-l-l-i-c-e-n-t." "Well, you can't never say you ain't got a cent to your name, can you?"

A scream of laughter followed this witticism, and they began to slap each on the wrist.

Not Wasteful.

"I suppose," said the physician, after he had sounded the new patient, "that you exercise judgment in the matter of smoking? You do not indulge to foolish excess in it?"

"No, indeed," replied the inveterate individual. "I never smoke more than one cigar at a time."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

With Interest.

Magician—Why, here's a quarter in your eye, sir! How'd it get there, I wonder?

Village Chump—Well, I swan! It must be that penny I swallowed 25 years ago.—Boston Post.

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; dispatch of a strong one.—Colton.